

Oak.	Field Pansy.
Birch.	Viola Tricolor.
Sycamore.	Dog Violet.
Lilac.	Stitchwort (greater)
Hawthorn.	White Dead Nettle.
Blackthorn.	Wood Sorrel.
Golden Saxifrage.	Spring Vetch.
Rue-leaved Saxifrage.	Common Nettle.
White Meadow „	Spotted Medick.
Marsh Marigold.	Lesser Hop Trefoil.
Lady's Smock.	Chervil.
Ramping Fumitory.	Field Madder.
Common „	Lamb's Lettuce.
Ground Ivy.	Buckshorn.
Hairy Bitter Cress.	Sheep's Sorrel.
Parti-coloured Scorpion	Thyme-leaved Sand-
Grass.	wort.
Early Spring „	Horse-tail (two kinds).
Hemlock Stork's Bill.	Gooseberry.
Herb Robert.	Bluebell.
Geranium Molle.	Greater Celandine.
„ Pusillum.	
A White Geranium name unknown—at Cley.	
Cuckoo Pint.	Brook Lime.
Hedge Mustard.	Milkwort.
Winter Cress.	Marsh Valerian.
Wall-flower.	Flea Sedge.
Wall Toadflax.	Pond Sedge.
Scurvy Grass.	Diœcious Sedge.
Thrift.	Vernal Sedge.
Broom.	„ Grass.
Alexanders.	Bog Violet.
Moneywort.	White Champion.
Scentless Mayweed.	Red „
Lousewort.	

S. H.

BIRDS, BLOSSOM, AND SKIES.

A South-country spring is born to be enjoyed in the green uplands of the country. Summer enchants and exhausts like a Circe. Spring is the time for errantry and adventure. Therefore, two forsook the ways of streets and sallied forth for a week with all the growing things. They found a resting place in a Kentish village between the North Downs and the Weald, perched up on the slope of a table-land that dips down to the Medway running at its feet. Watlingbury in summer is a world of the mysterious green arcading of hops. In spring it is one flowery, bowery, angel brood of cherry blossom. The two were established in a grey stone cottage, which they christened the "Moated Grange," for below it, by the side of the steep lane which joined the high road, was a pond with old stone walls on three sides of it. The "Moated Grange" possessed a garden, small in size but rich in interest. All its paths were stone, and all the quaint three-cornered beds had box edgings. In the middle was an apple tree with its trunk smothered in honeysuckle, and on the uphill side a high red brick wall divided the garden from the cherry orchard. In those beds things wild and cultivated grew together in peace. Changing forget-me-not, and grape hyacinth, and blue anemones, white violets, pale whitish-blue garlicks, primroses and celandines, Portland spurge and wallflowers, and on the old walls toadflax and shining crane's bill. From this sun-trap the two explored the land. One afternoon was devoted to the river—the old river as it is called—which runs up towards Yalding under overhanging willows, whose lower boles and branches were all gnawed by water voles, it was a revelation. On its upper reaches the blue flash of a kingfisher was seen, and all its banks were white with blackthorn, and yellow with kingcups. Another afternoon the two walked to the village of West Peckham. It is the typical south country paradise:—a village green and an old grey square-towered shingle-spired

church; the cottages have timbered fronts and thatched roofs; and long, low, white houses, set in gardens, remind one of the existence of that "endless English comfort" which appeals especially to the wayfarer. The churchyard was full of scarlet anemones and purple honesty—this last suggestive of many trains of thought. Surrounded by an old stone seat, a great grey Ionic Cross has been set up, and round all is written, "Take time in time—ere time be stint." The interior of the church is remarkable for the old Jacobean pew, upraised above the chancel, and belonging to the reigning family. It is a little sad to think that even in church some would choose in olden times to seclude themselves while professedly at "public worship." The screen is new, but built with a real rood gallery, as undoubtedly was it once before, for the stone stairway and opening are there as of yore. The two wondered if the Gospel were ever read from it now to the listening people beneath. The walk back was very magical and mysterious; the moon was full, and it was getting dusk, and when they paused to rest by a stile, a nightingale sang to them from the copse. The way led back along the King's Lane, through a chase belonging to Mereworth Park. It was the very spot for ghosts and spirits; a dark avenue of pine trees, called the "Lord's walk," opened upon their way; far off in the distance gleamed the chalk pits on the hills, and beneath their feet was the ashy white road and sheets of pallid primroses. And so home, singing along the road, to bed.

On the last morning the two explored "Sir William's Hill." There they found a newly-felled plantation and many treasures coming up. Adoxia made a carpet like moss, and tway-blade and ransoms were nestling their leaves beneath the ash stumps. That night the moon put on a domino and was eclipsed, and the two wandered forth after dinner to see her. She was still white and fair, but only her chin was visible; the upper part of her face was shrouded. The veil was gradually lifted, until by ten o'clock she shone, round and glorious, to bid them good-bye. By breakfast the next morning the two had torn themselves away, leaving the lambs in the orchard, the swan on the river, the wren that woke them by singing so sweetly of a morning, and the other delights of the open country.

Now-a-days, in the work-a-day facts of the summer, they

will have much to remember—the saffron butterflies who played round them one morning, the scent of the larch trees, the whiteness of the burgeoning beam-trees, and the miles of white roads along which they swing by moonlight. When those who work crave for rest, they should go out into the open country and watch God's work in the spring, and go on their way filled with peace.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—I am requested by "the two" to say that if any other students at any time feel inspired to follow their example, they most cordially recommend the Moated Grange, whose real name is Broomscroft Cottage, Watlington. They were lodged and boarded and most kindly looked after, for 15s. a week each. It is three-quarters of a mile from Watlington Station, on the S.E.R. line, between Maidstone and Tonbridge, close to the Church, and there is very good boating to be had on the river, and good cycling roads.

AN INVALID SCHOOL.

In *The Times* of September 26th, 1901, there was an article by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, from whom the first impulse to organise the education of crippled children emanated. This article contained an account of how and where the work was started. There had been, by means of the Invalid Children's Association, much work done in the homes of cripples by visitors, who gave them a certain amount of mental and manual instruction; but it was not until February, 1899, that the pioneer Invalid and Crippled Children's School was opened at the Passmore Edwards' Settlement, Tavistock Place, Bloomsbury. There were other two of the same schools started last year, one in Maida Vale, the other in Bethnal Green.

However, the one of which I am going to write was opened last October in Glasgow. It was modelled on the Tavistock Place School in London, and is at present the only one of